

Good Morning

s130

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Shop Talk

By Derek Hebbenton

THE Admiralty have now released the story of the X24, the British midget submarine which twice last year penetrated the Norwegian harbour of Bergen after lengthy sea passages.

The craft which carried out these missions and twice broke through the defences of one of the enemy's heaviest defended harbours, was similar in design to the X craft which had previously carried out the raid on the Tirpitz. The result was a 7,500 tons merchant ship, a floating dock and a smaller merchant vessel sunk, besides considerable damage inflicted on harbour installations.

In April, 1944, the four-man submarine, commanded by Lieut. M. H. Shean, R.A.N.V.R., got into Bergen Harbour and laid a charge under the 7,500-ton merchant ship Barenfels, which was berthed at a coaling jetty. The explosion sank the ship and caused considerable damage to harbour installations. The submarine then withdrew from the harbour without being detected and reached home in safety.

For this attack, described by the Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, as "a magnificent achievement, ably planned and most daringly carried out," Lieut. Shean was awarded the D.S.O.

FIVE months later, the same craft, this time under the command of Lieut. H. P. Westmacott, D.S.C., R.N., returned to Bergen Harbour to attack a floating dock, at that time of particular importance to the enemy.

Having made a passage of 80 hours in extremely bad weather across open sea, the X24 passed through 30 miles of island passages off the Norwegian coast and negotiated minefields and other defences before reaching the target.

The craft was manoeuvred in daylight at periscope depth, among many boats and ferries, and at one time a ship was heard to pass immediately over the submarine when she was at a depth of 35 feet.

During the approach to the target, Lieut. Westmacott was able to read through the periscope the "wreck warning" notice attached to the mainmast of the sunken "Barenfels."

Charges were released under the floating dock, and not only was this destroyed, but a small merchant vessel alongside it was also wrecked.

After withdrawing his craft undetected, Lieut. Westmacott was awarded the D.S.O. for "great gallantry in a most hazardous operation."

X craft were also used as defence markers during the Allied landings in Northern France. They were actually the first vessels of the Royal Navy off the French shore, and they lay submerged for 48 hours before the first landing craft approached the coast.

MEN of the submarine "Trenchant" have told on

their return to a South Pacific base, the story of the sinking of a Japanese cruiser of 11,500 tons of the "Asigara" class, with five torpedo hits.

The operation was carried out off Sumatra in June. News flashed to the base that a heavy cruiser, escorted by a destroyer, had been sighted. Commander A. R. Hezlet, who received the bar to the D.S.O. and the American Legion of Merit for the exploit, received permission to attack, though the cruiser was in coastal water hardly deep enough for a submarine to submerge from sight.

"Trenchant" lay on the shallow bed, waiting all day on the cruiser's expected course. When the submarine surfaced at night, she was attacked by a destroyer, but she scared off the Jap, and submerging to periscope depth, waited until mid-morning, when the cruiser was sighted.

Commander Hezlet, describing the attack, said: "It opened at two and a half miles. I put up the periscope in time to see five torpedoes hit in quick succession, and as the smoke cleared I saw the cruiser stopped and afire with a large bow section blown off."

"Half an hour later, as the destroyer returned at high speed, the cruiser turned over and went down."

THE bachelor days of Submariner Norman McIvor were recently ended when at Broadwater Church, Sussex, he entered into wedded bliss.

Mrs. McIvor was formerly Miss Barbara Day, of Worthing, and by all accounts the event was the success it should have been.

Turning all technical, I will state for the benefit of anyone

who is interested that the bride was attired in a dress of Princess style in ivory satin, with a full-length embroidered veil and coronet of orange blossom.

She was given away by her father, and was attended by her sister, Miss Edna Day, and the Misses Avis and Patricia McIvor, sisters of the bridegroom.

The reception was held at Orchard House, when a local combination provided the music for dancing, and a good time was had by all.

LANCASHIRE men carry a heavy cross.

There is no county in Britain which has suffered so much from slander as the historic and virile county of Lancashire. Heaven knows it has scenes that are the most dreary in the world: places that are the nearest approach to a dismal Hell man has ever formed: areas which, to a Southerner not acquainted with the deepest depths of nineteenth century industrialism, seem to have been founded from sheer wickedness.

Actually they were made by men just like you or I, but men whose overpowering desire, whose single aim, was to make money—as much of it, and as quickly as possible—in days of endless opportunity and few restrictions for an unscrupulous employer.

But that is not the whole of Lancashire. It has the glories of the English countryside and sea-coast, of the mountains and the lakes.

Did you know (of course you didn't, not being a Lancashire man) that some of the loveliest

parts of the Lake District lie in this misused county?

And even in the manufacturing towns and cities it is not all barrack-like rows of houses, dirty chimneys, squalid patches of waste-land, polluted streams, dreadful factories and sooty skies. Some of the public buildings of Manchester and Blackburn (to take two of the largest industrialised centres) are very fine, and so are some of the more modern factories.

Even in the less attractive areas there exists, very often, the beauty more difficult to grasp, but there all the same,

If you do this you will also discover something that is not always to be found in the towns and cities of greater attraction to the eye—a remarkable spirit of comradeship that puts a light in the meanest of streets and sheds its bounty in the most dowdy parts of factory-land.

There is also this: efforts were being made up to the start of the war to remodel these cities, to eliminate their ugliness and to build so that the future shall not know the worst of nineteenth century commercialism run riot.

Already there are many half-timbered buildings in the street as an indication of how different it will look at the end of some few years.

If you measured up the acreage covered by the industrial towns and cities of Lancashire, and deducted the total from the million acres of the county, you would find there was an awful lot left.

Industrial Lancashire is a very small part of the total area.

Travelling by train, this is difficult to believe, for the lines naturally run between the busy trade centres and you get the impression that Lancashire is all "black country."

But get away from the railway lines and the main roads and out into the surrounding countryside and you will soon discover that the county has its wild flowers as well as its slag heaps.

In the northern parts the fells provide a wealth of fine scenery, though bleak and hard in anything but sunshine.

In the Forest of Bowland district, where the River Ribbles starts its journey, there is as much beauty as in the Yorkshire Dales; and the lover of wild places and variegated landscape can get his fill of them in a day's walk.

It is a thinly populated area, with small villages, some of them ancient and attractive: some just ancient.

To the west lies the old town of Lancaster at the mouth of the River Lune which gave the county its name. It has suffered industrialisation, but its old castle standing on top of the hill, on the sides of which is the town itself, gives it an

(Continued on page 2)

LANCASHIRE



Blackpool, peace-time playground of the North, gave refreshment and entertainment to thousands of Service-men and factory workers during the strenuous war years.

★ **D. N. K. BAGNALL** goes North this week and tours the County of Lancashire ★

of strength, energy and purposefulness.

A man from Bury will take you to parts of his home town where you will find, even in that place, a certain charm—so long as you do not expect too much.

EE, LAD!

These industrial centres, Manchester, Rochdale, Bury, Oldham, Blackburn, Burnley, Preston and Bolton stand in the mind of most people for dreary and unsightly things. There is some truth in that belief, but it is not fair to judge them without having seen them and, indeed, without having spent some time in them.

It was a slow process, for it is a vast undertaking, but its effects were gradually becoming more and more apparent. There is little doubt that the good work will continue.

The time may yet come when Warrington, for instance, will show a bright face to the visitor.

But it must be remembered that these towns and cities of Lancashire are the factories of the whole country. They can never share the amenities of places of less importance in the nation's industry.

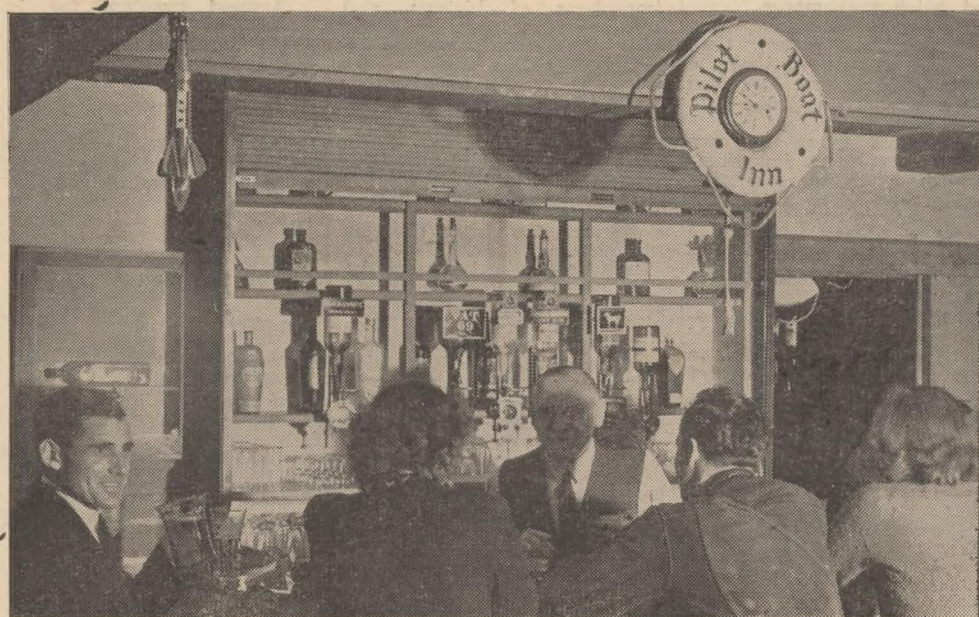
The weaving of Burnley and Blackburn, the spinning of Bolton, Rochdale, Oldham, Bury and Stockport, the chemical products of Runcorn, Widnes and Warrington, the shipping and port industries of Liverpool (and there, indeed, you have many fine things), and the immense warehouse activities of Manchester—these must always mean compressed industrialisation, with soot and heavy machinery and packed streets. But Port Sunlight has shown how soap can be manufactured under more modern conditions.

I have a special sympathy for Wigan in this matter. The comedians of three generations have conspired to make Wigan the laughing stock of the world. I have never understood why, nor, I think do you.

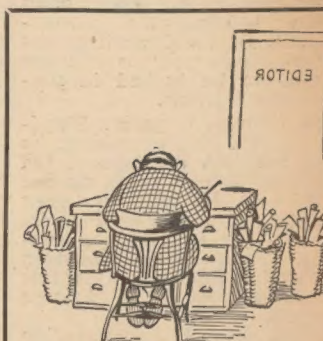
THE WIGAN JOKE.

Yet one of those "Lancashire" comedians, talking a brogue that no one living has ever heard spoken in any of those towns I have named, has only to mention Wigan to get a round of laughter from an audience.

I do not say that Wigan is a beautiful place. It is not. But it is a far better place than some other industrial towns in and outside Lancashire; and they are doing something in Wigan that shows how deter-



Pilot Boat Inn, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, is run by Alphonse Vernet, who was a W.D. fleet pilot for the first five years of the war. The inn, established in 1720, and altered to Mr. Vernet's design in 1935, is built in the shape of a boat. In the picture is L.P.O. Ken Holmes, of Ryde, who explored the possibilities of the pub with "Fuse" Wilson.



Our address still is:
"Good Morning,"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Automatically Yours

By RONALD GORDON

BRITAIN'S Best Salesmen are returning to a rapidly expanding business. They will be waiting at every hour of the day or night to serve you with a limitless range of goods. But it will take more than a penny to induce most of our post-war slot machines to deliver the goods.

Before the war curtailed their careers with coupons and prices these silent salesmen were taking £60,000,000 a year.

Many millions of shillings and sixpences were slipped into their ever-ready slots for anything from cigarettes to sandwiches. An estimate of 3,000,000,000 pennies per year is not far out for cheaper goods.

Ingenious as many of these machines were, an even greater range of their uses is being planned and produced in our factories. At the moment America leads, but London will soon have its first entirely automatic restaurant ready.

Appetising meals are to be kept warm and fresh in especially "insulated" glass-fronted compartments so that customers can choose the exact dish they require by inserting a coin.

Big stores of every type are planning to develop entire automatic departments.

Housewives will be able to buy every variety of tinned food, fresh fruit and vegetables, or even steaks and sausages without waiting in a queue for an assistant's attention.

There is no limit to the variety of tinned or bottled goods that can be sold in this manner. Handkerchiefs, medicines, books, roll films, gramophone records, and innumerable other commodities can also be sold by the never-tired salesmen.

With such an increased range of goods for sale the manufacturers of slot machines are concentrating on making them absolutely thief proof.

Not only must these amazing robots reject foreign coins and metal discs, but they must test the milling on the edge, the embossing on the face, and even the quality of the metals used.

Coins used to be passed by the machines on their weight and bounce. Clever counterfeiters produced duds which satisfied these simple requirements. Milling and embossing, although more difficult to copy, were worth the extra effort for the value the thieves got out of the machines.

The most recent method of checking coinage is by a thermo-electric device which accurately measures the amount of silver and alloy present in a coin. Should it be a dud, the current fails to work—and the disc is shot out of the rejection slot.

But modern manufacturers of slot machines have dreams and plans for expanding the type of silent salesmen. Before long we shall be able to see flashes from the current films just by dropping a coin in the proper slot.

Public Television boxes, too, will be installed so that anyone can "look in" at the moment's broadcast of their favourite sport or entertainment.

That brings us to the nearly impossible—the talking robot. By inserting a penny and dialling TIM you hear the exact time given in minutes and seconds at present. But a robot talkie we shall all learn to depend on is the up-to-the-minute weather clerk. By dialling a suitable number we shall be able to hear the latest weather forecast for the next few hours.

Probably the most popular robots will be in the entertainment line, in the same style, but vastly improved models of the type that used to excite us on the seaside piers.

In place of those rather solid games of football between little metal men, we shall see speedier sports with mobile men.

Instead of the biggest thrill being the water-chute we shall have all the thrills of flying by dropping our coin into the slot and climbing into a version of the Link trainer. A projected cine-film will bring enemy planes flashing into our sights as we bank and zoom with the most realistic feelings.



You'd think only a maritime nation would know just how to sling a hammock—but this picture (look well at it, sailor) comes from Hungary, which ain't got no seaboard, no navy.

Christ of the Eternal Snows

ONE of the biggest mis-statements that ever travelled round the world, a mis-statement that misled diplomats everywhere and could not be contradicted without climbing the Andes, occurred in 1904.

Newspapers in every civilised country in the world joined in reproducing what was not true. Preachers everywhere quoted it.

It was the occasion of a sermon in St. Paul's. It was mentioned in Parliament.

And it was not until just before the recent war broke out that this untrue statement became a fact.

I can give the actual story of this because I happen to know it intimately, and personally.

I am referring to the gigantic statue which stands on the summit of the Andes between Argentina and Chile, where the Uspallata Pass crosses the range.

Everybody who has been to South America has, at one time or another, heard of the imposing statue of Christ which stands there amid eternal snows.

It is surrounded by some of the grandest scenery of the mighty peaks, and it was erected to commemorate the long and bitter dispute between Chile and Argentina about their boundaries.

FIGURE OF BRONZE.

A special commission investigated the quarrel, with the result that peace was attained. Both nations melted down the cannon they had prepared for

a continuation of the struggle, and the Figure, in colossal size, was erected therefrom.

The dedication of the statue took place on March 13th, 1904. The Bishop of San Carlos de Ancud delivered the oration, in which he said: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace sworn at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

The speech was printed in all the Chilean and Argentine newspapers. The statue was placed on the very spot that marks the boundary line. The Figure faces northward, with hand upraised in blessing on both countries.

The sublime words of the Bishop were quoted from a Chilean newspaper as "an inscription in the bronze of this glorious monument," and were referred to by public men in every country.

In 1916, the Rev. Father Zahm, who accompanied Colonel Roosevelt on his famous trip through the Brazilian wilderness, wrote a book on that journey, and described the statue, the dedication ceremony, and stated in his volume that:

"In the Argentine arsenal two bronze tablets were cast, one of which, in front of the statue, bears this truly Christian inscription."

Father Zahm admitted that he did not himself see the statue, but took the words from reports. Very few people, indeed, have seen the statue, mainly because the climb is difficult and sometimes dangerous.

The main reason that hardly anybody visited the statue, however, was that a tunnel was cut 1,500 feet below the summit and a railway line laid through the Andes, and that is the way most travellers take.

I have been that way, and there is but a fleeting glimpse of the statue obtained in a gap between two peaks where the great Christ can be seen outlined against the sky.

I had often wished to see the

statue Figure at hand, and the opportunity came when storm and tempest had raged for days among the crags. The railway line was broken by wash-outs, and as the train goes only once weekly, the only chance of keeping an appointment was to climb the Uspallata Pass.

After a racking journey we reached the summit, and there, on a slight eminence, was the colossal statue.

And there, daubed on the large pedestal at the base of the statue, was an advertisement, a call to travellers to visit an hotel!

To look for the world-famous inscription was a waste of time. It was not there. The massive base of the Figure was bare of any inscription of any sort.

In vain was the driver of the car appealed to. He merely spread his hands and shrugged his shoulders. It was not, he said, his business.

It seemed not to be anybody's business that for twenty-six years this falsehood had been allowed to go unchallenged.

When the result of this disillusionment was reported to important people in Valparaiso, there was considerable disappointment and uneasiness.

The mistake was traced to a Chilean newspaper which had, by error, reported the Bishop's dedication speech as an "inscription."

But now, what was to be done to wipe out this mistake? It was resolved to place an inscription where there was none, and the Rotary clubs of Argentina and Chile, just before the outbreak of the war in Europe, had a bronze tablet made bearing the beautiful words of the Bishop.

That tablet, in Spanish lettering, has now been fixed to the base of the statue, and the myth has become a reality:

"Se desplomaran primero estas Montañas antes que Argentinos y Chilenos rompan la paz jurado a los pies del Cristo Redentor."

M. Delinger

(Continued from Page 1)

Around Preston, for instance, and only a few miles from its last houses, you may come across Ribchester and its landscape.

It is a Roman founded town of ancient stone houses, Round Clitheroe and Whalley there is a pleasant countryside where the most exacting country lover could happily spend his summer holiday and not know that Lancashire holds some of the most important industries and the largest port in England.

Or go to the Fylde, among the poultry farmers, and you would think you had landed in a rural county.

The whole thing is—go to Lancashire. Have a look at it. Have a look at the big towns and cities and discover that they have their good points as well as their much-advertised gloom. But go, also, off the beaten track and wander at will over the countryside.

If, after that, you do not agree that Lancashire is the much-slandered Cinderella of Britain, I shall be very much surprised.

The 'Angel' had no Manners

ON the high ground there was glorious sunshine. But all along the valley were mist and fog.

Such a combination is not unusual in autumn, but it is unusual to have daylight and darkness in the same field, and at the same time. That is why Bill was getting in the twenty acres, where he was ploughing "ley" ready for autumn wheat sowing.

Though used to all the tricks of the English climate, never before had he seen a line so sharply defined between the "thick" and the "clear."

Down the low side of the field was a wall of fog which ended abruptly about halfway up the field, to give place to brilliant sunshine.

It was cold, too, down in the valley, and the fog nipped one's fingers holding the ploughstilt, like a frost, until horses and man emerged through the curtain, to be bathed in sunshine and warmth.

Bill thought it queer. Standing on the high ground, he could see just the tops of the hedgerow elms sticking up out of the mist like ships on a grey billowy ocean. Yet behind him the ash-tree sparkled in sunshine. The mist had dissolved and was dropping off the few remaining leaves in large splashes.

A few rooks had managed to penetrate the curtain of fog, and they followed the plough on the little stretch of clear ground.

But they, too, thought it

queer, and judging by the anxious "caws" from the direction of the wood, it seemed that most of them had lost their way in the fog. By twos and threes they emerged through the thick grey curtain.

Immediately, their anxious "caw" seemed to turn to a chuckle of satisfaction, as they saw before them the newly turned furrows all waiting to be probed for grubs and leather-jackets.

Then through the curtain came a seagull. Probably he, too, had lost his way in the fog, for seagulls are rare visitors so far inland, and, according to the farm men, "It's a sign of rough weather!"

It looked very angelic and graceful as it circled over the black-coated assembly, then glided down to join in the grubbing.

But, far from being angelic, it claimed the very latest farrow for its sole enjoyment, and hustled the poor rooks aside, as though they, and not it, were the usurper.

There were a few angry "caws" from the rooks at such uncalled-for behaviour, for, although they indulge in little quarrels amongst themselves, they never begrudge any other birds coming and sharing in their grubbing parties.

They seemed to think that the stranger at least ought to acknowledge their prior claim to their own feeding ground. But they weren't tackle that rapier-like beak, and it was left to some half-dozen mis-

chievous jackdaws to put the arrogant gull in its place.

The gull had driven off one of the daws which had just found a promising crevice in the ploughing, and was anticipating something of a feast, when "jack, jack," came in excited chorus, and all the six jackdaws came bustling round its head.

At first it just treated them with contempt, for they were no match for its long beak and quick movements.

But the daws persisted, more with clamorous "jacks" than any direct assault, so that the haughty, overbearing gull had never a chance to probe into the soil.

At last, beaten at its own game, it spread out its wings, and with a sideways motion floated gracefully back into the fog.

And now the rooks and daws got busy without fear of being hustled aside by a gay pirate.

When, presently, the fog began to lift and the whole field was exposed to the autumn sunshine, flocks of starlings joined in the grubbing—singing as they came, because the sun had released them from behind the prison walls of fog.

By noon as Bill was riding home to dinner, only thin wraiths of mist lay along the valley, and Bill's comment was: "They can manufacture some wonderful things nowadays, but they can't produce a fog like you!"

Which is probably as well.

FRED KITCHEN.

What's your dog worth to you? asks Peter Davis

HAVE you a dog at home? If you have, you're one of 3,000,000.

Fifty years ago the number of licensed dogs barely reached 500,000. This year sees 3,000,000 dogs licensed in Great Britain—a figure that does not include sheep dogs, puppies less than six months old, or animals owned by blind people, which require no licence.

Behind this national liking for dogs there is the romance of an industry involving considerable capital and finding work, directly and indirectly, for thousands of people. There'll soon be money in it again for more than 20,000 breeders.

More than half of the professionals, however, are women. Between them they normally sell upwards of £500,000 worth of dogs a year. All the world buys from Britain. The United States, Canada and India are our best customers.

£1,500 was offered for Kop de Careil, the biggest white Pyrenean mountain dog, and refused. The litter of six puppies produced by Kop and his "wife" proved to be worth £1,000 a-piece. First-rate champion dogs regularly fetch from £500 to £1,000 for export.

A Chicago enthusiast paid £1,800 for a chow, Choonam Brilliantine, and it is said that a higher sum was refused for the dog's sister.

An American offer of £2,000 did not tempt Mr. F. N. Pickett, a famous British breeder, to part with his Alsatian, Caro of Welham. Pugilist, perhaps the world's record bull-dog, has been estimated to be worth his weight in gold.

The value of these dogs was, of course, recognised at birth. They were reared as prize specimens. But dog-breeding always has the unexpected element.

Aman Glen, an Airedale, was bought as a puppy for half a crown by a woman, who subsequently gave her away. Her new owner, becoming tired of her, decided to send her to the lethal chamber.

The dog was actually on the way to death when a friend made a last-minute decision and bought her for 5s. Next, an exhibitor bought Aman, showed her locally, and sold her for 50s. Eventually £150 changed hands for her.

Two of the most famous Pekingese champions came into the aristocratic arena with equal unexpectedness when a woman consulted her doctor one day about her health. Recognising the need for interests outside her home, the doctor recommended dogs as a hobby.

Her first attempt at breeding dogs produced a pair that brought a small fortune to her.

Breeding apart, fortunes exist in the kennel, food, sporting and show side of the industry. Occasionally people have casually shown dogs "for the fun of it," and found that they owned a big-money champion.

A Dr. Gray entered a bull terrier puppy in two minor classes at a Kennel Club show not long ago. A judge, noticing the entry, advised him to continue showing the dog elsewhere.

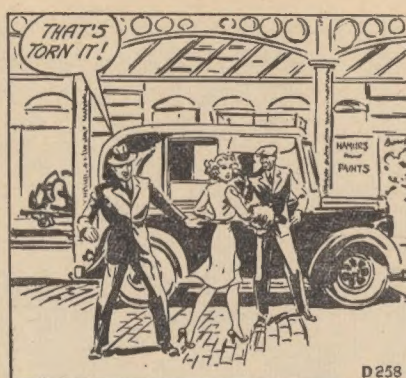
Within a few weeks, three first prizes and a championship started the career of Braehead Bullion.

Something very similar happened with the beautiful Airedale, Matador Mandarin. Mrs. O'Neill bought it off a few pounds as a pet for her son.

Very soon, at the big Birmingham show, the Airedale was pronounced the best dog in the show of all breeds.

Perhaps you, too, own a big-money dog without knowing it.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

MENTION has been made in this column from time to time of the profiteering methods of Continental dealers, who charge enormous premiums on war issues and persuade the suckers that when the European market is free again these items will soar in value high above what is now asked for them. The suckers, ready like the rest of us to cash in on a good thing, pay the price asked; the awakening will come later.

Here is a story, culled from the New York "Stamps," which shows there is no limit to the duplicity of these racketeers.

A soldier (says the journal) hailing from Orlando, Florida, writes that he has a £ Shilling rose Great Britain Victoria proof with a 2 penny blue on the reverse, and wonders how come, since the two stamps were issued some twenty-five years apart (1867 and 1841 respectively), adding that the Belgian dealer who was persuaded to part with it with only the greatest difficulty when his outfit was in Brussels, had no explanation to offer.

Sorry, soldier, but you were taken for a ride—it's nothing but a cut-out from Heitmann's Postage Stamp Album, a popular German product of the 90s, with many illustrations in colour. Brentano distributed it on this side (America) until authorities got excited over the coloured reproductions, and they show up every so often. I have a copy of the Fourth Edition, and your cut-out is from pages 69 and 70.



Service men are bringing home some good things, but for every such item there are fifty dubious ones—forgeries, phantasies, "doctors" (repaired specimens), and what have you. It's O.K. to buy their stuff if you want to throw your cash out of the window, but if you don't want to suffer disappointment, and unless you absolutely "know your stuff," it's best to wait until you come home and then deal with folks you know and who follow American codes of business ethics.

Postscript to that, I'd say that many an English serving man lives to tell a tale similar to that of the man hailing from Orlando, Florida.

THE Jamaica Constitution set of commemoratives is now on the market. Prices are always lowest immediately upon issue, and at the present time these stamps no doubt offer good investment; there is also the possibility of withdrawals and changes of colour, modification of design, and so on.

Nevertheless the stamps have caused keen disappointment among collectors of pictorial items because of their lack of beauty and poor design. They look what they are: the work of amateurs, unskilled in the craft of stamp presentation.



EGYPT has issued two stamps to commemorate the Pan-Arab Congress. They have a face value of approximately 8d., but as local dealers have snapped up nearly every available copy—I understand the numbers printed were one million of the lower and half a million of the higher value—they are not obtainable in this country under a substantial increase.

For all that, they are well worth buying at 2s. or 2s. 6d. the pair. Collectors who go in for Egyptian commemoratives won't need to be told that prices soar very rapidly and that these items are invariably a sound buy.

One of these Congress stamps is illustrated here. The design shows the flags of the various Arab States which form the League. The French stamp was issued in July in aid of the Fresh Air Crusade; it is coloured blue-green and is valued 4 francs with a surcharge of 2 francs. From the Vatican City comes a stamp commemorating the 400th anniversary of the Pontifical Academy of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon.

Good Morning



SPLASHING WATERS.

Cascading waters splash into the stream at the old Castle Mill on the quiet fringe of Dorking, catching a glint of evening light and throwing dim flickers on the wall of the ancient outhouse.



MONKEY BUSINESS.

He's after summat! Nuts? No, cats don't eat 'em. Fish? Monkeys don't eat fish. Then what does the rascal want? Better ask the lads who brought young monk home from Africa.



MY, MARTHA!

'Strawdinary state you're in, Miss Vickers. For two pins, or the lack of them, things would be even worse — sorry — better. If you have to romp in the barn, next time make it a double affair, with snooping chicks and nosey cocks locked out. Then you can wrestle.



ON OUR BACK DOORSTEP!

Honest! We couldn't get out for a drink until he'd finished making up his any-to-come up-and-down treble. Until we knew, we thought he was one of the lads, come to "G.M." to roost after a vain search for the original of one of our mind-reeling pin-ups. There's conceit for you!



GUESS HOW MANY.

Apart from the driver — he doesn't count. Revellers in 'Frisco — the Navy was there! — loaded this car and went shouting and cheering along the broad street. Peace broke out, the car broke down, and before joy-night was over the boys were broke. How many? Thirty-five!



NET VALUE.

From dove headpiece to shapely shoes, and all the way back — slowly — to the natty neckerchief, then branching off to the eloquent "come-and-catch-me" finger-tips, it's very definitely IT. And high-tension Dorothy Dandridge seems to know she's got everything — plus!